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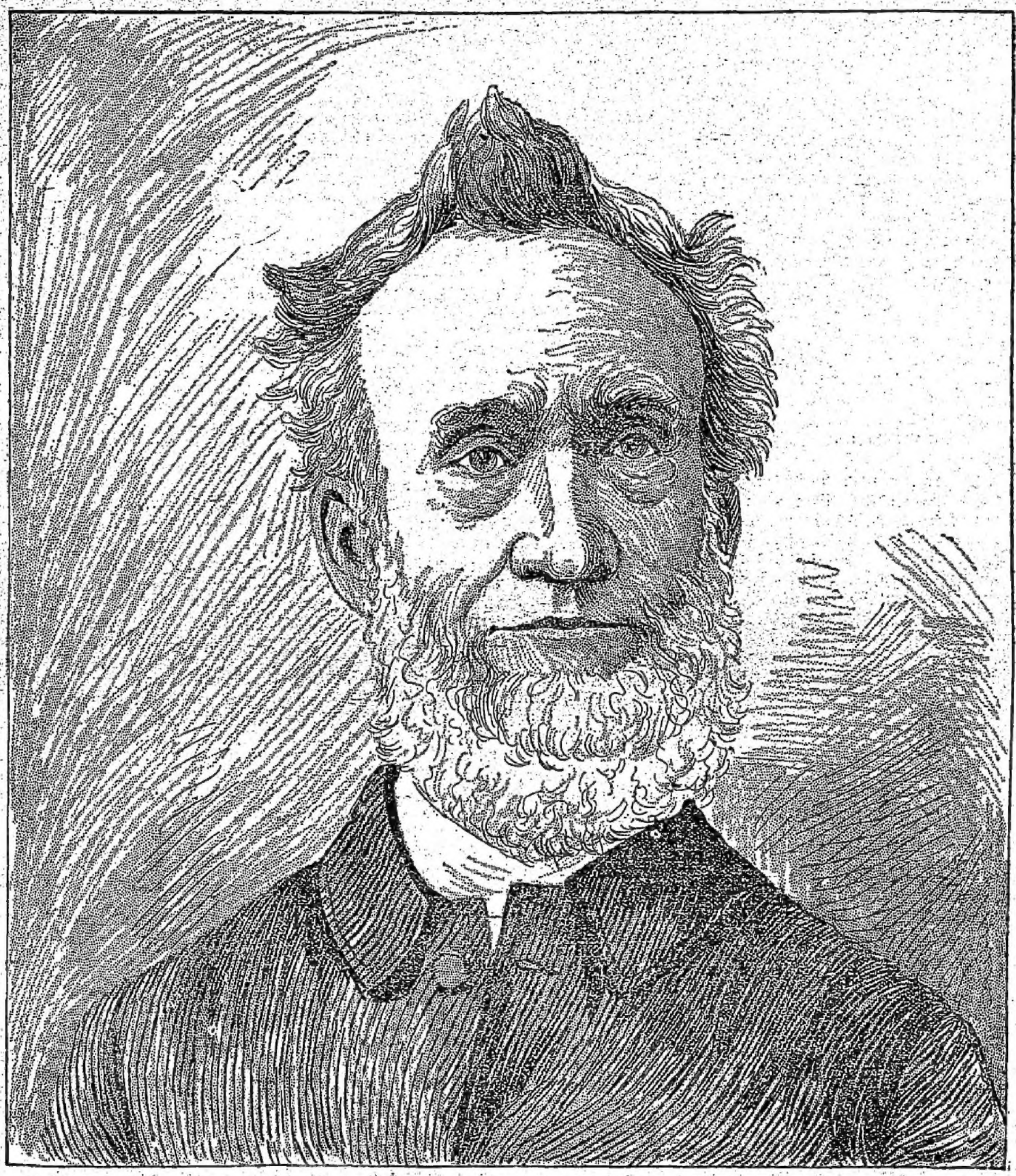


MR. GEORGE MULLER, Founder of Ashleydown Orphan Houses, Bristol, who Died March 10.

Death of Mr. George Muller,

THE GREAT BRISTOL PHILANTHROPIST.

Mr. George Muller, the well known founder of the Orphan Houses, at Ashley Down, Bristol, was found dead on the floor of his bedroom at the Orphan Houses, last Thursday morning, March 10, It is supposed that the deceased, who was ninety-three years of age, fainted, and his heart being weak, he died from this cause. Since March, 1834, Mr. Muller stated in a recent report, the total amount of money 'received by prayer and faith,' for his various institutions, amounted to £1,424,646 6s. 9 1-2d.; 121-683 persons had been taught in the schools of his institutions; and he had had 9,744 orphans under his care. Accommodation is provided in the homes for 2,050 orphans and 112 assistants, and the inmates are educated, clothed, fed, and ultimately apprenticed to a trade. No question of creed enters into the conditions of the child's admission, for the work is carried on on purely unsectarian principles; the only stipulation is that every child shall have lost both parents.

But it is the method by which the vast establishment is maintained which constitutes its most remarkable feature. Mr. Muller has never asked anyone for a penny, and he attributes the good work he has accomplished, as well as the provision of the means for carrying it out, entirely to the power of prayer. He recently said:

'For seventy years he had been a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ. The first twenty

years of his life were spent thoughtlessly, carelessly, and unconcernedly. One of his tutors, in fact, tried to lead him astray, and make him an infidel; but at last, while a student at Halle University, he attended a prayer-meeting, and found Christ. That was in the beginning of 1825, and from that time he had been a very happy man. He had during his life obtained tens of thousands of answers to prayer. Very frequently before he left his bed-room in the morning he had one or two answers; in the course of the day, perhaps five or six, and sometimes more; and that had been going on for more than *seventy years*. During the seventy years he had prayed to God he had obtained enough money to educate and send into the world no fewer than 123,000 pupils, more than 10,000 of whom were converted while at school. He had also circulated all over the world 275,056 bibles in various languages, 21,100 copies of the book of psalms, and 180,000 smaller portions of the bible.

'From the beginning of his conversion he took a lively interest in missionary work, and he aided the missionaries in every possible way. In money alone he has assisted them to the extent of £255,000. When he had passed his seventieth year he went out as a missionary, travelling extensively. For twenty years he was constantly going about in all parts of the world preaching the gospel. He preached in three different languages.

'But his greatest work, he declared, was the establishment of his orphanage—a work which showed what could be accomplished by means of prayer. He had been in difficulties thousands of times, but God had always answered his prayers. The five immense buildings at Ashley Down, Bristol, were God's monument to the power of prayer. They cost £115,000, and yet he had never asked a single human being in the world for a penny. He had obtained the money to establish the orphanage simply through the instrumentality of prayer. The £115,000 was not all that was required, because it took £26,000 a year to maintain the institution and the work in which he was engaged. But all through God had never failed to help him.'

INCIDENTS OF HIS YOUTH.

George Muller was born at Kroppenstadt, near Halberstadt, Prussia, on Sept. 27, 1805. Between ten and eleven years of age he was sent to Halberstadt, to the Cathedral Classical School, there to be prepared for the University; his father's desire being that he should become a clergyman. His time was now spent partly in study, partly in novel-reading, and partly in sinful practices. Such was his way of life until his fourteenth year, when his mother was removed by death. Whilst she lay dying, George Muller, unaware of her illness, was card-playing till two o'clock in the morning, and on the next day, which was the Sabbath, he went with some of his companions to a tavern, and afterwards wandered about the streets half-intoxicated. On the next day he attended for the first time the religious instruction he was to receive preparatory to his confirmation; but here also his carelessness was as great as elsewhere and on his return to his lodgings his father had arrived to take him and his brother home to their mother's funeral. But even death and its attendant solemnities had no lasting effect on the boy's mind. He went from bad to worse. His time until midsummer, 1821, though spent partly in study, was largely taken up in playing the piano-forte and guitar, reading novels, frequenting taverns, and similar excesses. Well might he add to his account of these experiences—'What a bitter, bitter thing is the service of Satan even in this world!'

In November, 1821, he went on one of his wild excursions to Brunswick, having a considerable sum of money with him, which he soon wasted in fast living, and then ran considerably into debt at two hotels. In his attempt to escape without paying, he was arrested and lodged in prison. After remaining there nearly a month he was released upon his father paying his debts and prison fees; upon which he returned home. For a short time after this escapade he paid more diligence to his studies—so much so that he got into favor with the director of his school, and was held up as an example to the class. Still his heart was far from God, and he lived secretly in much sin, although periodically he tried to amend his conduct, particularly before he went to the Lord's Supper, as he used to do, twice every year, with the other young men. By 1825 George Muller had become a member of Halle University, and obtained permission to preach in the Lutheran Church, although he was still godless and unhappy. One day while in a tavern at Halle, with some of his wild fellow-students, he saw amongst them one of his former schoolfellows named Beta, whom he had known four years before at Halberstadt, but whom at the time he had despised because he was quiet and serious. Muller, thinking that he might be better if he chose good companions, soon became the fast friend of Beta.

One Saturday afternoon, about the middle of November, 1825, he had a walk with his friend Beta, during which the latter mentioned that he was in the habit of going on Saturday evenings to the house of a Christian, where a meeting was held, and where they read the bible, sang, prayed, and read a printed sermon. Muller asked permission to go with Beta, who, it seems, had received an introduction from a Dr. Richter, a godly man, to a Christian tradesman at Halle, named Wagner, at whose house the meeting was held.

At this time George Muller knew nothing of the ways of believers, and made an apology for coming to the meeting. The answer he received, he never forgot. Mr. Wagner said: 'Come as often as you please, house and heart are open to you.' After the singing of a hymn, Mr. Kayser, who subsequently became a missionary to Africa in connection with the London Missionary Society, fell on his knees and asked a blessing on the meeting. This kneeling down made a great impression on George Muller, for he had never prayed on his knees, nor seen anyone else pray on his knees (because in the Lutheran Church in Germany they pray standing). A chapter of the bible and the usual printed sermon having been read, another hymn was sung, and then the master of the house prayed. Muller said to himself, 'I could not pray as well, though I am more learned than this illiterate man.' He says, 'The whole made a deep impression on me. I was happy; though, if I had been asked why I was happy, I could not have clearly explained it.'

THE TURNING-POINT OF HIS LIFE.

'Whether I fell on my knees,' Mr. Muller wrote, 'when I returned home, I do not remember; but this I know, that I lay peaceful and happy in my bed. This shows that the Lord may begin his work in different ways. For I have not the least doubt that on that evening he began the work of grace in me, though I obtained joy without any deep sorrow of heart, and with scarcely any knowledge. That evening was the turning-point in my life.

'Now, my life became very different, though not so that all sins were given up at once. My wicked companions were given up; the going to taverns was entirely discontinued; the habitual practice of telling falsehoods was no longer indulged in; but still, a few times after this I spoke an untruth. I read the scriptures, prayed often, loved the brethren, went to church from right motives, and stood on the side of Christ, though laughed at by the students.'

In January, 1826, he began to read missionary papers, and was moved to give himself up to missionary work. His father, however, was greatly displeased with the proposal, and entreated him with tears to change his purpose, but he was steadfast to his purpose, and soon engaged in Christian work. He circulated every month in different parts of the country, three hundred missionary papers, spent much time in tract-distribution, and also wrote religious letters to his former companions in sin, visited the sick, and saw blessed results from his labors.

In 1826, he came to London on probation as a missionary for the Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, but towards the close of 1829 he felt led to separate from the society, so as to leave himself free to labor wherever he might find an open door. During a visit to Teignmouth he conducted some services in a chapel, which were so greatly blessed that he was invited to become their pastor. The church then numbered only eighteen, and his salary did not exceed fifty-five pounds a year.

About 1830 Mr. Muller decided no longer to receive a stated salary, and, at the same time, not to ask any man to help him in his expenses for travelling in the Lord's service. He had recently married Miss Mary Groves, sister of Mr. Groves, the missionary to Bagdad, and the young pastor and his wife decided to trust in God to move the heart of friends to give sufficient for their needs.

It was not long before their simple trust in God's faithfulness was put to a severe test. 'In November, 1830,' says Mr. Muller, 'our money was reduced to about eight shillings. When I was praying with my wife in the morning, the Lord brought to my mind the state of our purse, and I was led to ask him for some money. About four hours after a sister said to me, "Do you want any money?" "I told the brethren," said I, "dear sister, when I gave up my salary, that I would for the future tell the Lord only about my wants." She replied, "God has told me to give you some money. About a fortnight ago I asked him what I should do for him, and he told me to give you some money; and last Saturday it came again powerfully to my mind, and has not left me since, and I felt it so forcibly last night that I could not help speaking of it to Brother P." My heart rejoiced, seeing the Lord's faithfulness, but I thought it better not to tell her about our circumstances, lest she should be influenced to give accordingly; and I also was assured that, if it were of the Lord, she could not but give. I therefore turned the conversation to other subjects, but when I left she gave me two guineas. We were full of joy on account of the goodness of the Lord. I would call upon the reader to admire the gentleness of the Lord, that he did not try our faith much at the commencement, but allowed us to see his willingness to help us before He was pleased to try it more fully.'

Similar instances have been of constant occurrence from that time. On February 13, 1832, Mr. Muller broke a blood-vessel, but, believing that God would make him equal to the duties of the day, he preached, contrary to the advice of a medical friend, morning, afternoon and night, and after each meeting became stronger; 'a plain proof,' as he says, 'that the hand of God was in the matter.' In two days more he was well.

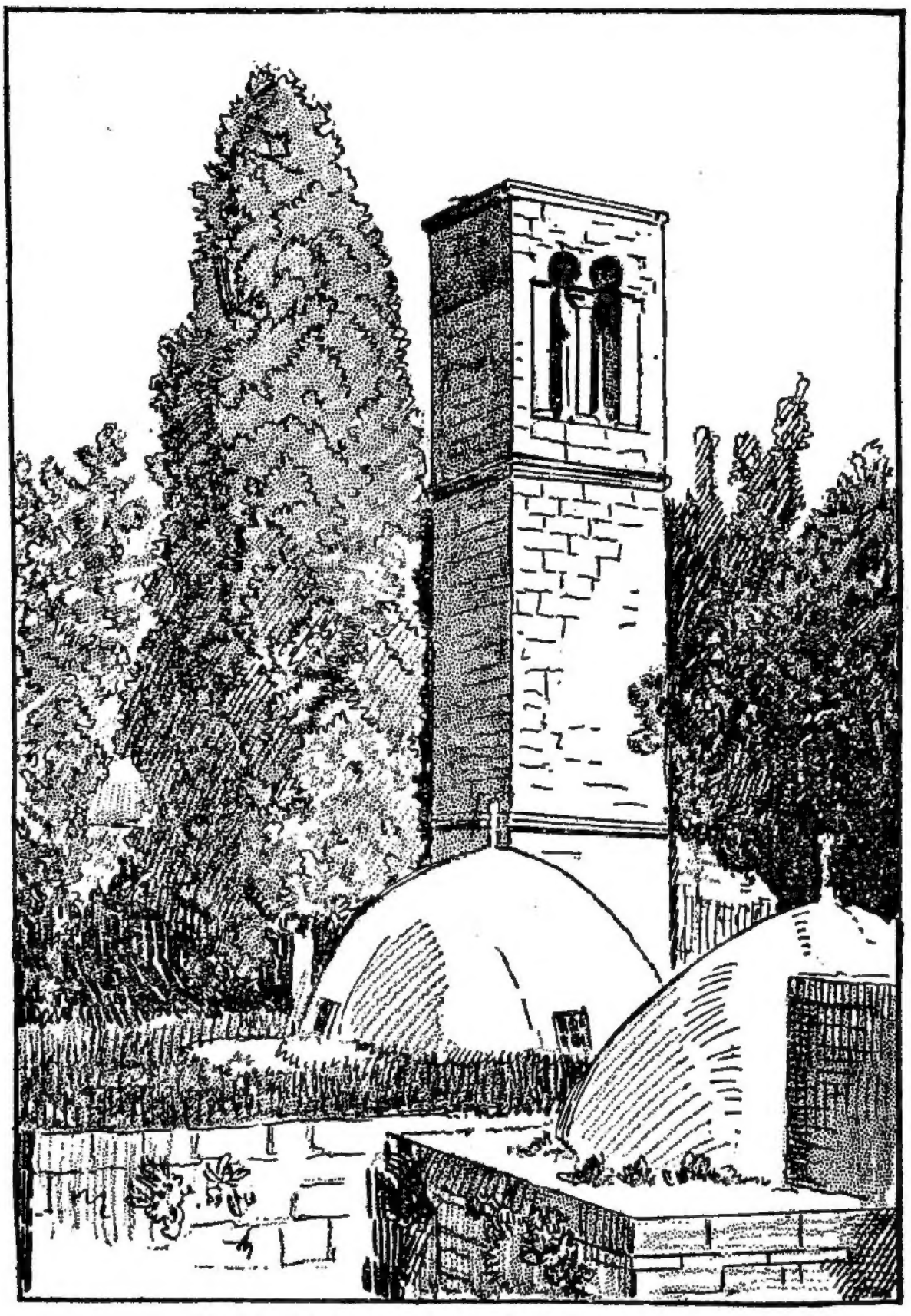
In May, 1832, accompanied by his friend and fellow-laborer from Devonshire, the late Henry Craik, he accepted an invitation to Bristol, to take the oversight of two congregations, and soon began the great work which long has made his name so eminent.—'Christian Herald.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

A Martyred Preacher in Turkey.

('Missionary Herald.')

About ninety miles east of Aintab, in Central Turkey, is the city of Oorfa, which was called Edessa by the Greek historians. Tradition makes it the same as Ur of the Chaldees, from which place Abraham set out for the land of Canaan. In this city in the year 1838 was born, of Armenian parents, a boy whose name was Hagop Abouhaiatian. His father died when the lad was two years old, and the property which would have supported the children was wasted, and young Hagop



THE OLD TOWER OF THE SCHOOL OF EDESSA, OORFA.

was obliged to go to work in a weavers' shop, where he learned to read. Half of each day was spent in the shop and the other half in study.

When Hagop was eight or nine years of age he heard people say that some people from the other side of the world had come to Aintab and Smyrna, and that they were dreadful heretics, telling people that their fasts and anointings and worship of the Virgin and other images were useless and wrong. These were the American missionaries who, Hagop was taught, were trying to turn the Armenians from the true faith. But a little later a man came to Oorfa bringing a number of Bibles for sale. The Armenian bishop declared that these Bibles were heretical, and ordered the man to leave the city; but the real fault he found with the Bibles was that they were in the language which the people could understand and not in the old Armenian, such as the priests read in the churches, but which very few of the people understand.

A little later a Christian physician came to Oorfa and often read the Bible to his patients. In a story of his own life which Hagop wrote in his later years we find this record made of his going to listen to this physician. It was when he was about fourteen years old:

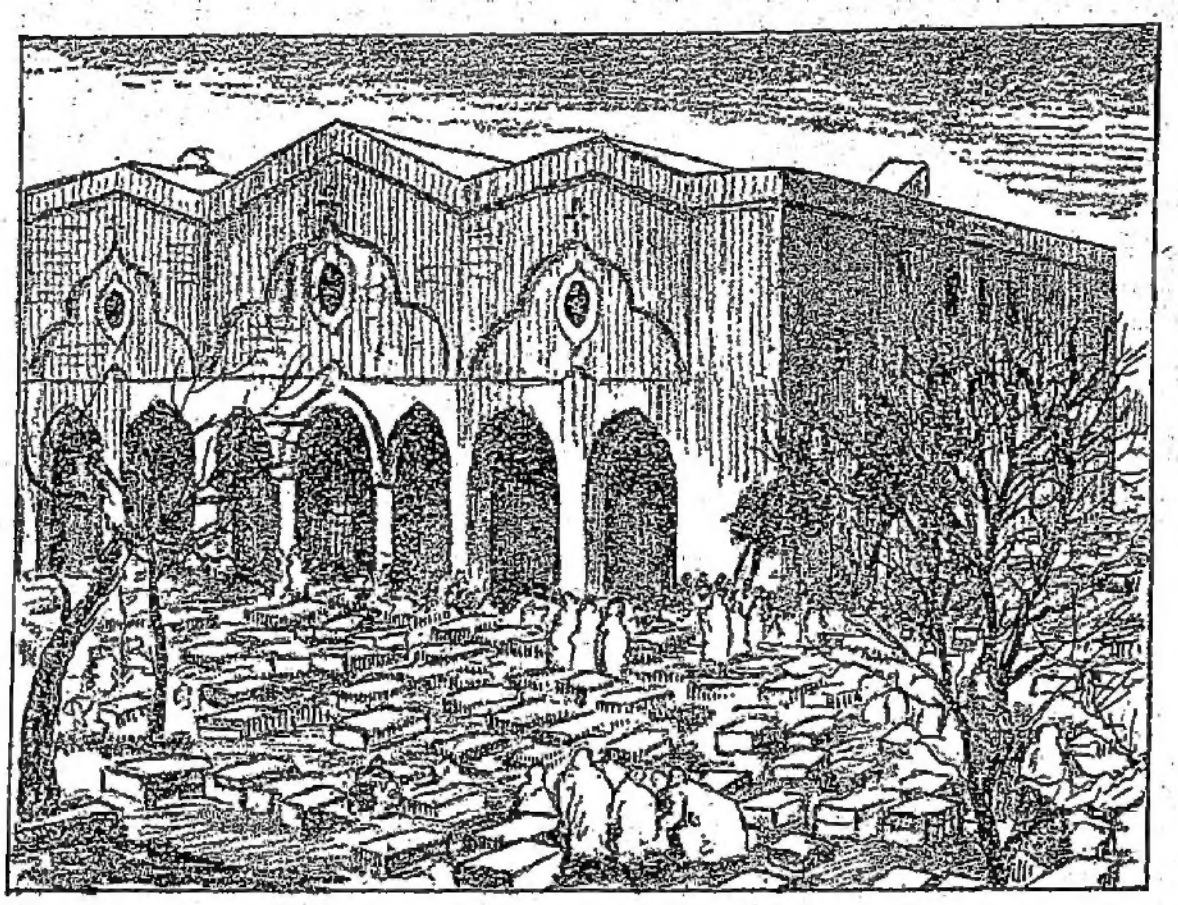
'One Sunday morning I thought I would go and see him, and if I should find any following him, I would go and complain about it to those who had authority, so as to injure them. I was afraid of being seen to go there lest I should be prosecuted, so I chose a time when I would not be seen by anybody. On entering the room I found there were about ten or twelve present, some of whom were discussing concerning the ceremonies of the Church, and I learned that the Protestants refused to accept anything not found in the New Testament. Although I had gone with a spirit of enmity against this man and the doctrine which he taught, I was surprised at his knowledge of Holy Scripture and the words of grace which he spoke about our Lord Jesus Christ. I listened for two hours and then returned home. I could not forget what I had heard, and the desire to hear him again was growing in my heart. Yet I feared to arouse a spirit of persecution on the part of my mother and relatives. However, after eight days, I again went to see him secretly, and began to converse with him respecting the ceremonies of the Gregorian (Armenian) Church, but I was quite unable to answer him. He urged me to read the Epistle to the Romans, and the third chapter of the Gospel of St. John. For six months this man labored to bring me to a knowledge of the Saviour, and all this while was praying for me. At last the grace of God visited me, and the portion of Scripture by which it pleased God to do so was the seventh chapter of Romans; and having faith that only Jesus could save me from such a wretched state, I was not ashamed to confess it. Leaving all my cowardly and dreadful difficulties on him, without conferring with flesh and blood, I confessed the truth of the Bible. This was in 1853. By strength received from the Lord I succeeded in keeping the treasures of his salvation in this earthen vessel. The result of my conversion was my expulsion from the church and the school, and having been anathematized, my friends and relations turned against me, and my dear mother refused to see me for one year. Human nature could not have borne up under the trials which were my daily experience, had God not been my light, my salvation, and the protector of my life. My confession of truth not only changed me spiritually, but entirely altered all my prospects in life.'

Nothwithstanding these persecutions, Hagop remained steadfast, going to Aintab, where he was received into the church by Dr. Schneider, and joining a class which was to receive training for six months. After this he began to go about as preacher and teacher. Here is a little incident from his autobiography showing how he was accustomed to work:—

'Every Lord's Day from 100 to 200 people gathered in this small room (for the people sat on the floor, as is the custom, and packed into little space). The schoolroom also was a low, dark little room. In this schoolroom I had from fifty to sixty children intrusted to my care, to teach them the Bible and how to live Christian lives, as well as arithmetic and the languages in common use, Turkish and Armenian. Up to the present time there had been no definite distinction between the duties of preacher and teacher. So I often led the prayer-meetings, visited the people and read the Bible in their homes, or preached in the chapel, as well as instructed the children. About half an hour's walk from the city three Armenian families resided, and the head of one of them had been converted with his household. He earnestly invited me to give the Sabbath-school lesson in his house. When we gathered there and had knelt in prayer, on arising from our knees we found the house surrounded by about 100 men. We hastened from the spot, but had gone but a little way when our persecutors, enraged at finding that we had escaped from the house, followed and began to stone us. Of course, in seeking to injure us these poor deluded people thought they were worshipping God. Fortunately nothing serious occurred.'

We have not room to give details of the next few years during which Abouhaiatian came to America and afterwards went to

Germany, fitting himself to be a preacher to his people. He was greatly impressed by what he saw in Germany connected with the history of Luther, and his ambition was fired to be as strong for the truth as were some of the martyrs of Germany. Returning to Turkey in 1871, he accepted a call to be pastor of the church in Oorfa, and within six years sixty-two new members were added to the church. On pleasant Sundays his church was not only filled with people, but 100 or more would stand outside of the house and listen. Later on he went to Europe to secure funds for the building of a church, securing there about $4,000. On returning to Oorfa, more than 100 members of the church met him when he was nine hours from the city and, as they came nearer, other hundreds were added to the company that came to welcome him. The church which he had desired to build was after great labor completed, and was one of the best Protestant churches in Turkey. For over twenty-five years this man labored amid many trials and difficulties, but with the constant blessing of the Lord. A year and a half ago his wife died, leaving him with six children.



THE OLD ARMENIAN CHURCH OF CORFA,
(Where the Massacre occurred).

And now comes a sad and yet noble sequel. Miss Mellinger, who was then a missionary of the American Board at Oorfa, reports that after the first massacre at that city, which took place October 28, 1895, there was a reign of terror. For many weeks the Turks went from house to house with threats of vengeance on those who did not become Moslems. During all this time pastor Abouhaiatian was a tower of strength, comforting the people in their woes, trying to secure relief in their distress. Another massacre followed on December 28 and 29, during which probably 8,000 people were killed. Some 3,000 of them had congregated in the Old Armenian Church of which there is a picture on the previous page. The walls and roof are of stone, and it seemed a safe place of refuge from the wrath of the mob. But the building was fired, and those who did not perish in the flames were slain by the sword as they tried to escape. When the Turks saw the pastor they said, 'Here is Abouhaiatian; we must make an end of him.' He asked for his life for the sake of his six children, but seeing that they would not spare him he said, 'Do not touch me here; I will come to you.' And while he was going he was shot dead. His eldest daughter, Yeonega, now nineteen years of age, saw his body put on an animal and carried off for burial. Miss Shattuck, writing about this terrible experience, says that Yeonega and the other children were with her, as well as 300 others whom she was able to shield during that awful storm of blood. She speaks of Yeonega as calm and brave, though fully knowing what a loss she has sustained, and feeling the responsibility for the care of the younger children. Yeonega herself afterwards wrote to Miss Mellinger an account of what had happened, as follows:—

'Saturday morning, December 28, after family prayers, my father went to see Miss Shattuck. After an hour he returned home

THE REV. HAGOP ABOUHAIATIAN.

and carefully closing the door behind him, he kissed us all tenderly. I saw by his face that something had happened, and so said, "Father, what is the matter?" And just then I heard fearful cries and awful sounds in the streets. Father said, "Don't be alarmed; we will go over to Dr. Kivork's." So leaving everything we quickly went over the flat roofs to that house. Fifty men were there, who hid themselves the best they could. The Turks came, having all kinds of weapons red with blood. They saw my father and asked him to preach to them, and then they shot him through the heart. They killed over forty-five men in that one place. As soon as possible I ran to my father. Before he died he said: "Fear not, the Lord is with you. I have no fear, for I am going to my dear Saviour;" and then he closed his eyes. O my seralee (my dear), I sat there in my grief and all the world was dark, blank. Other Moslems came and drove us all to a great mosque. While going many of the young girls were taken by the Turks, and I just escaped being carried away to a harem. After remaining in the mosque three days, Miss S. sent soldiers, who found us naked, and we were taken into her home and she prepared clothing for us, and we were hungry and she gave us meat. How hard it is for us to be without our beloved father! We have lost all—home, father; yet I thank him that in such trials he has brought me nearer him.'

What Ailed Merrick?

(By Mary Clement Leavitt.)

The bell had rung at the close of afternoon recess and the scholars came rushing to the schoolhouse. But every voice was hushed to silence and every foot was curbed to a quiet step at the edge of the grass about ten feet from the door.

That was the rule, and no one thought of breaking it. No one of us ever thought of breaking one of Miss Adaline Hodge's rules.

It was a red schoolhouse, and a range of red horsesheds stood corner to corner with it and ran back of the meeting-house.

When the sun was very hot in summer, when it rained, or the snow was deep and untrodden in winter, the sheds formed an excellent play-ground. Many a race we ran from No. 1 to No. 36, leaping the sills, that became higher and higher as the ground fell off at the far end.

But on the day in question, when Miss Hodges looked around after the scholars were seated, she missed one boy.

'Where is Merrick?' said she.

A puzzled expression came into every face. All were trying to think where he had been seen last, but no hand was raised to answer to Miss Hodges's inquiry.

'Do you know where he is, Moses?'

'No, ma'am. He went out beside me, but I don't remember that I saw him after that.'

'You and Charles go out and find him,'

The boys obeyed, and the third class in geography filed out on the floor at call.

After several minutes the boys returned, reporting that Merrick was not to be found.

'But he must be about somewhere. He did not go into the road, for I was standing at the window during the entire recess.'

Poor, dear Miss Hodges! She was doubtless thinking of her mother and grandmother, and contriving some new plan for earning a little more money, or for making what she had last longer.

She stood thinking silently a moment and then said:

'Did you look under the meeting-house?'

'No, we did not think of that.'

'Under the meeting-house was a place of terror to the small scholars, boys and girls. At the front the house was only two steps above ground, but as there was a downward slope to the rear, at the back the space underneath might have been ten feet high. There was a rude opening in the foundation wall that served as a door. Wood was stored for winter near this door-way.

Far in toward the front all was dark and dreadful. Snakes abounded. We foolishly believed that ghosts hid there during the day till they were ready to walk at night in the grave-yard just across the square. What foolish creatures we were to believe such nonsense! Not a snake had been seen nor

a ghost, within the memory of the oldest man or woman in the village.

No wonder that there was almost an O-o-o-h! escaped our lips, and that many an eye grew round with wonder that Miss Hodges should think of such a thing as Merrick going into that place. But very calmly she told the two boys to search there.

In a minute or two they came flying back without a thought of grass-edge rules, and were only in the doorway when Moses exclaimed in the most excited manner:

'Yes'm; he's there, and awful sick—if he ain't dead—looks as white as a sheet.'

In a moment Miss Hodges had appointed a monitor, and was out to see for herself. She found Merrick lying upon the ground close against the foundation wall, just at the left of the door, where no one could see him without entering the place. The boy was quite insensible and breathing heavily. The two boys had followed Miss Hodges, at a motion of her hand, Now she sent Moses for Dr. Miles and Charles back into school for three more boys whom she named.

Under Miss Hodge's direction the four boys lifted Merrick and bore him out into the open air, laying him down in the sloping turf in the shade to await Dr. Miles's coming. He arrived in a few moments, as he lived only a few rods away.

He heard the story, meanwhile listened to the beating of the heart, felt the pulse, lifted the eyelids, peering sharply at the eyes, and then said:

'He is poisoned. Bring me a little water, and then leave me to work.'

He did work long and hard, but not so much was done in the school. Every thought was upon Merrick. Miss Hodges went back and forth, and before the hour for dismissal came she could report that Merrick was out of danger, and would be able to walk home; but they must not go near, as Dr. Miles said he did not want them bothering 'round. Miss Hodges, too, walked slowly homeward, as she could be of no further use.

Under Dr. Miles's vigorous measures the color came back, the stupor passed away, the breathing became natural, and poor Merrick, opening his eyes, stared rather wildly about him and at Dr. Miles and said:

'Where am I? What is the matter?'

'That is just what I want to know. What have you been eating?'

'Nothing since dinner?'

But a guilty flush stole over Merrick's face.

'No, I suppose not; but you have been chewing something. What was it?'

'Tobacco.'

'Yes, I knew it, and you nearly poisoned yourself to death with it. What made you touch it—you only a ten-year-old boy—when no man, even, ought to use it? What made you chew it?'

'So many men do, I wanted to see what it is like. This noon I picked up a piece of a plug somebody had dropped in the street, so at recess I went under the meeting-house and sat down to try it. I had heard folks say it would make a boy sick and faint at first, and if it affected me that way I did not want the boys to see me and laugh at me.'

'Yes, and what next?'

I got awful sick and faint, and, trying not to give way, I must have swallowed the tobacco. Then I thought I was dying, and the next I knew was just now out here on the bank.'

'I tell you again, that you were almost dead when I got here. It was well that I was at home when they came for me.'

Merrick was frightened and distressed, thinking how near death he had been, and also of the teasing he must endure from the boys. He raised himself to a sitting posture, wondering what the stern but good old doctor would say next.

He took Merrick's hand and said:

'If you will promise me that you will never touch tobacco again in any form, I never will tell any one what is the matter. I did not tell Miss Hodges, but she will not say anything if she guesses, for I asked her not to tell. If this gets out, you will never hear the last of it. Will you promise?'

'Yes, I promise. I never want to touch the nasty stuff again. But I must tell mother. I tell her everything.'

Merrick did tell his mother the whole story, and, one by one his younger brothers, to keep them from touching the poisonous leaf. All of them took warning from their eldest brother's terrible experience, and have never touched tobacco, although the youngest is now more than fifty years old.

How I wish every boy would be wise and manly enough to follow the example of Merrick's younger brothers, 'Daniel, Robert, and Henry.—'Youth's Temperance Banner.'

Crowded Out.

(Phillis Phillips in 'Temperance Record.')

'I am glad to see you,' said a young lady accosting a friend in the street. 'Are you visiting this town?'

'No,' replied the lady addressed, 'my aunt and I have come here to live.'

The friends turned and walked in the same direction and talked of many things.

'It is jolly,' said Miss Alice Conway, the first speaker. 'You will be able to come to our school. We want teachers so much.'

'Tell me about your chapel,' replied her friend, Miss Margaret Allen.

'Oh, it's a fine one! The best in the place. We've lately had it enlarged and bought such a beautiful organ.'

'Paid for it?'

Alice laughed.

'You absurd girl!' she said; 'as though churches ever thought it necessary to get the money before incurring the liability.'

'How many members have you?'

'Between five and six hundred. Almost every Communion Sunday we have a lot of fresh ones.'

'Then I suppose you do a great deal of work?'

'Work! I should just think we did. I'm almost always out. Mamma says it's dreadful. Besides the prayer-meeting and the week-night service, there is the Y.P.S.C.E., the musical society, the mutual improvement society, two working meetings for the bazaar and, of course, a few committee meetings in connection with all these. Then, on the Sunday we have an early morning prayer meeting, a service for the children, a P.S.A. as well as the afternoon school, and in summer time we close the day with an open-air service.'

'On what night do you hold your temperance meeting?'

'That is one of the few things we haven't got.'

Maggie looked surprised, and her friend tried to explain.

'You see, there is absolutely no night on which we could have one. A few of the old temperance fogies—no disrespect to the great cause—were agitating about one a little time ago, but it was clearly proved that the thing was impossible. You cannot hold two meetings on one night, can you?'

'Not successfully, certainly. Were the temperance fogies, as you call them, satisfied?'

Alice laughed merrily.

'I leave that to your imagination,' she answered, 'but most of the people are abstainers in practice. There was no need to have made such a fuss.'

Miss Allen made no direct reply, and shortly after the friends separated. But she sipped her tea very thoughtfully that afternoon.

'Anything the matter, Maggie?' inquired her aunt.

'Yes, auntie. I have just heard of a church with over five hundred members where they cannot find time for a temperance meeting.'

'Well, my dear, temperance work is all very well, I am in full sympathy with it, but it is not preaching the Gospel.'

'Yes, it is, to hundreds,' answered Maggie, shortly. 'It seems awful that churches should be indifferent to this great work.'

'My dear, you are narrow and bigoted on this question. You will never do any good by fault-finding, even if it were not wrong to judge our fellow Christians. You must go to work gently, and be thankful for a little progress. Did Alice say whether they had heard from India?'

Maggie took the hint, and changed the subject. She knew by experience that to argue with her aunt was useless. The good lady had gone farther than many Christians, for she had signed the pledge. But having done so she considered she had done all that was necessary. She had no zeal for the cause, but rather prided herself on her moderate way of putting the question and of being a model abstainer—free from all prejudice.

II.

Margaret Allen met her friend by appointment the next Sunday morning, and proceeded with her to the Congregational church to which Alice belonged.

'It is the largest chapel in the district,' whispered Miss Conway when they were comfortably seated.

It was quite early and she evidently thought it her duty to use the time in supplying her friend with items of information.

'I hope you will decide to come here,' she continued; 'there are two seats to let in this pew. Don't you think it's a very nice place?'

Maggie looked round. It certainly was a nice chapel. Not a luxurious place built for the rich, but a plain comfortable edifice erected mainly to accommodate the lower middle class. The seats were broad and roomy, but not cushioned, except where fastidious persons had procured these articles of luxury at their own expense. There was a gallery all round, and the choir and the organ were at the back of the pulpit.

'How many people does this place hold?' she inquired.

'Over a thousand,' was the reply. 'We have 580 members, and such a Sunday school.'

At this point the minister ascended the stairs of his pupit, and the conversation had to be postponed. Miss Allen listened a little critically, but there was nothing to object to. It was a simple service, in which everyone apparently took an interest. The sermon was plain and earnest, and the attendance very large for the class of people, who are more inclined to favour the evening service.

'I wonder why the temperance work is crowded out,' she mused. 'Has its importance never been pressed on these good people? Is it possible that their record of church membership is clean from the drink stain? I wonder if the greater number are abstainers, as Alice says?'

She went on musing over these questions all the way home and for several weeks without arriving at any satisfactory conclusion.

Finally, she joined the church, as it —ited

her aunt. But when she became a member she felt it her duty to make some protest against what she felt to be sinful indifference to a great cause.

First of all she spoke to the minister.

'There is no cause I have deeper at heart,' he replied. Some of his teetotal members had often wished it was nearer the surface. 'But, unfortunately, the way is not clear just now to do any organized work in that direction.'

'You see, our hands and our nights are full,' he continued, running over a list of engagements, 'and really the young people ought not to be out so much.'

'But do you not think one of the meetings you have mentioned might be set aside for this greater work?' suggested Maggie.

'Which?' he answered, a little sharply. 'Would you propose to the young people that they should do away with their musical society? Why, it is the only recreation some of them get, to say nothing of the help it so frequently affords to the church. Or that the young men should disband their literary society, which is such a great source of benefit to them? As for the rest, they are nearly all directly religious.'

Miss Allen retired from the controversy worsted in the fight, and feeling herself to be a narrow-minded monster even to have thought of such a thing.

III.

'Alice,' said Miss Allen to her friend, a few months later, 'I wish you would introduce me to some of the temperance members of the church. You said there were so many.'

Alice gave her a look of comical surprise.

'So there are,' she answered. 'Their name is Legion. Ask me to introduce you to the non-abstaining members, and it will not take so long.'

'I do not mean mere abstainers. I suppose our minister is that, but people who think it a Christian's duty to work in the temperance cause.'

'What a girl you are! Always harping on one string. But I will gratify you at the first opportunity.'

That opportunity occurred the next evening, after the week-night service.

'Mr. Bowyer,' said Alice, 'I want to introduce you to my friend Miss Allen, who is literally burning with zeal for teetotalism. She is just consuming herself away for lack of some inflammable natures to ignite.'

The gentleman addressed, who might have been called old by critics of sixteen, and young by men of sixty, shook hands pleasantly and was about to say something polite, when he was interrupted by a bass voice behind saying:

'Please introduce me, too, Miss Conway. A burning teetotaler is a sight worth seeing in this church.'

'Now, Mr. Smithson, don't begin to grumble,' said Alice, while Mr. Bowyer stood aside to enjoy the joke.

'This gentleman, Maggie, is one of those I told you about who were agitating for a temperance society a short time ago.'

Maggie looked with interest at one of the 'old fogies.'

'How was it you were not successful?' she asked.

'Because there is no temperance zeal amongst the abstainers,' replied Mr. Bowyer.

'It's just crowded out,' said Mr. Smithson. 'Monthly meetings have been started several times and failed for want of support.'

'Perhaps as a church you have been happily free from any of the terrible effects of drinking?'

'Indeed, we have not! Only a few years ago one of our best loved deacons fell to a grievous depth. At this present time there are at least three members who are well known to take too much; if reports be true there are several others.'

'Surely,' said Miss Allen, 'with such cases before you, you ought to be earnestly fighting against the drinking custom.'

'But what can you do,' said Mr. Bowyer, 'against the indifference of your friends and the opposition of your foes? The friends tell you that there is no time for it, that other and grander works demand their zeal. The foes say it is a social question outside the range of the Church of Christ. And yet a greater obstacle lies in the fact that we admit into our fellowship those who are ruining hundreds by the sale of it.'

'But surely if you talked to our minister as you are talking to me he would make a stir in the matter?'

'I presume you have not yet made the attempt yourself,' said Mr. Bowyer, with amusement.

Miss Allen reluctantly admitted that she had. He laughed.

'And did you not find with regard to this question that his heart was made of asbestos or some other fireproof material?'

'But I do not think that ought to make any difference,' she persisted. 'I used to belong to a church where the minister and deacons were bitter opponents of total abstinence. Yet we managed to start a weekly temperance meeting, and in course of time we converted our minister, added some teetotalers to the deaconate, and to-day total abstinence is one of the strong points in that church. Surely what was done in a small church could be more easily done in a large one, especially as you have the minister and some of the deasons on your side.'

The gentlemen shook their heads. They were inclined to be pessimistic.

'I suppose you will think me very presumptuous,' continued the young lady, 'but your inactivity seems to me very wrong. "If thou faint in the day of adversity thy strength is small."'

'Ah! you have never been tried as we have,' said these wise men, shaking their heads again. 'If the chuch refuses to have the temperance question brought before it, it must take the responsiblity, that's all.'

'But you and I belong to this church, therefore it is our responsibility, and we ought not to rest until we have brought all the other members to our way of thinking. How many are there, do you think, who feel strongly on the subject?'

Mr. Smithson said half a dozen, but Mr. Bowyer declared he knew at least twenty.

'Could you give me their names and addresses?'

'Not just this minute, but I can send them to you to-morrow,' replied the polite Mr. Bowyer.

'Thank you. I should like to call upon them, and see how much fire we can produce between us. There ought to be enough to illumine the whole church and school.'

'You want a big fire to warm the regions of the North Pole, you know,' said Mr. Smithson, as he bade the ladies good-night.

But as he walked home in company with Mr. Bowyer he confessed to feeling a little warmer and more hopeful already.

'If that girl attempts to do anything,' he said, 'I mean to help her, in spite of all I have said about its uselessness.'

And Mr. Bowyer answered: 'So will I. There is a great work to be done amongst our fellow members. We are altogether at fault that we have been so long idle.'

IV.

During the next month Miss Allen was busy with her self-imposed task. She found Mr. Smithson was nearer the mark than Mr. Bowyer. There were not a half-dozen enthusiasts. The rest declared themselves 'in full sympathy,' but it was not of an active kind.

However, she managed at last to get sixteen promises of help, should she succeed in starting a temperance society, and then she paused and thought seriously. She was not conscious of any special talent in any direction.

'I cannot sing,' she mused, 'nor speak, nor even pray more than a few disjointed sentences in public, but most likely these sixteen can do all this and more. I can at least do the drudgery that attends the getting up and keeping on of meetings, and if I can manage so that the others have just the sort of work that they like to do, then I daresay they will keep on steadily.'

She did not mean to be sarcastic, even in thought, she was judging from past experience. The first thing to do was to get a night, and this was a difficult matter. Abstainer and non-abstainer both agreed that however desirable a temperance meeting might be, it was impossible to squeeze it in.

'The only way will be to disband some society already in existence,' said the minister loftily, when he was again referred to.

But Miss Allen instead of being quenched began attending and studying the different societies with a view to finding out which could be most profitably disposed of, wisely holding her tongue in the meanwhile.

She at length decided that the mutual improvement society might easily be merged into a weekly temperance meeting, and the gain be all on the young men's side. As it then existed it scarcely fulfilled its mission, for the young men themselves did very little towards their mutual edification, generally getting speakers from outside. But to convince yourself is not always to convince others. Of course the young men did not see it.

'It would spoil the whole thing,' they said. And the abstainers thought the young men would spoil the meeting if, as Miss Allen hinted, they should write papers and give speeches.

Altogether it seemed an impracticable suggestion, and a great deal of cold water was procured to drown it. But if Margaret Allen lacked showy talents she possessed one useful one, the talent for 'pegging away.' She was determined not to rest until the temperance work should be crowded in somehow.

Quietly and persistently she pursued her way. Never showing any weariness in going over the same arguments with the same people again and again. Never betraying any contempt for their illogical reasoning. Never losing an opportunity even of giving away a temperance tract.

They called her 'the girl with one idea.' But a constant dropping will wear away the hardest stone. Gradually her scheme grew to be regarded first, as one of the possible things, then as probable, finally it reached the actual.

When Miss Allen left that church ten years later to go to another part of England, she left a flourishing temperance society doing real work in the surrounding neighbourhood. It had a literature department to bring various temperance magazines and books before the members, a saving society to compete with the goose clubs, and the average attendance was large, numbering many noted converts, for whose sake the weekly meetings were made a pleasure to look forward to.

It possessed able officers, most of whom had been members of the mutual improve-

ment society. And they all agreed that the improvement had been more marked since they had undertaken the task of amusing and improving their less fortunate neighbours.

'Miss Allen,' said Mr. Smithson, as he gave her hand a parting shake, 'if you should happen to light upon another church where the total abstinence work is crowded out, remember your success here, and do your best to crowd it in.'

Christ Near.

A poor man in the hospital was just about to undergo a most painful and perilous operation: they had lain him ready, the doctors were just about to begin, when he cried, 'Wait a minute.' Annoyed at the delay, they asked him what he wanted. 'Oh,' said he, 'wait a minute while I pray to the Lord Jesus to stand by my side, for 'twill be dreadful hard to bear.'—'Illustrative Anecdote.'

The Dearest Friend.

(By Rev. James Dorward.)

O Saviour mine, O truest, dearest Friend,
Who, like thyself, such grace and sweetness blend!
Fairest art thou of all the heavenly choir,
Joy of all joy, the sum of all desire!

When, in thy name, O Comforter divine,
Faith, hope and love with earthly cares entwine,
Cold hearts inflame and gloomy doubtings cease,
The weary rest, upheld in perfect peace.

No other name has power to hold mankind
In such sweet brotherhood of heart and mind;
Thine entrance giveth light, dark shadows flee
Of sin and sorrow, strife and enmity.

When, though in sorow, wandering far and lone,
A stranger, friendless, comfortless, undone,
Who, like thyself, can e'er such Bethels raise,
Transfigure clouds, make midnight echo praise?

Oh, stay by me, lest in the struggle worn,
I sink, in storm and darkness, overborne!
Teach me to know and do thy blessed will,
To trust and to obey, e'en to be still!

In Death's dark hour, O blest Redeemer mine,
I want no ear, no voice, no hand but thine!
'Tis light at even, the shadows disappear
When thou dost lead the way, sweet Saviour dear.

—Unsunduzi, Africa, 'Pacific.'

Correspondence

St. James, Manitoba.

Dear Editor,—My sister takes the 'Northern Messenger,' and we all like it very much. I like the Little Folks' page the best. I was nine years old on March 17. I live beside the Assiniboine River, four miles west of Winnepeg. I often go into Winnipeg, and there are lots of things for a little girl like me to see. Our Sunday-school is in the city limits. I am just learning to skate, and enjoy it. My sisters all can skate. My only pet is a black and white cat, whose name is Blackie. He is a very good old cat, and never scratches me. I will be glad when the little birds come back again in the spring, I think the little birds always cheer a sad heart. I think men are cruel to kill such innocent birds, which God has made. I like the flowers, and lots of wild ones grow here. We grow a number of kinds of fruits, and I always try to help pick them, but I soon get tired. I often have rides on horseback in the summer. This is my first attempt to write a letter. I will close now, and write another time. Your little reader,

JANE.

St. James, Manitoba.

Dear Editor,—My little sister is writing a letter to you, so I thought I would too. I am thirteen years old. I go to school every day except Tuesdays and Fridays, in the afternoon. My sister and I have to go to the city to take our music lessons on the violin. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday, and to church. I have not missed one Sunday this year yet, and I hope to keep on. I will be glad when summer comes, I am tired of winter, but I never get tired of summer. It is nice to sit on the grass and listen to the birds singing. We have a large patch of berries, and so the birds gather in numbers here. I have no pets except a little black pony. I claim her, but we all ride her. It is nice to go out riding on a summer's day. The pony is about twenty years old, and nearly as smart as ever, we only use her to ride on. If you wish I will write again. I remain your faithful reader,

LIZZIE.

Loch Lomond, Cape Breton.

Dear Editor,—I am nine years old. My sister has taken the 'Messenger' for some time past. We like it better than any other paper for children. I like it ever so much since you began to publish the litte letters from children; and I thought I would like to send one myself, to tell about my pets. I have two pretty cats. One I call Captain Tom, and a little kitten called Tony. They always play with me, and come up to my bed whenever I wake in the morning. I have a nice black horse, called Prince. I can drive myself, and like to go driving better than anything else. I have also a little dog named Wallace, who always likes to go with me; but one day he went after the team and got lost, and it was nearly a week before he found his way home again; I am very glad he does not go after the team now. My papa has been taking the 'Witness' for a great many years. I hope this letter is not too long, and that I will soon see it in the paper, then I may write one some other time,

JANE CATHERINE.

Napinka Manitoba.

Dear Editor,—I was reading the letters in the 'Messenger,' to mother, and she thought I had better write one too. We live on a farm about a mile from town, and walk in to school. I have one brother, and a darling baby sister. I have a little apple tree that I have grown from seed, I thought it was frozen for a little while; but now it is growing nicely. This has been a very fine winter in our country. Your little reader,

BESSIE.

Age nine.

Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Dear Editor,—I attend the Central Congregational Church, and I get the 'Northern Messenger.' I enjoy reading the stories very much. I have a little brother, six years of age. He is a very comical child for his age, and goes to school. One day last week his teacher told her class, not to snap their fingers. Clarence—for that is his name—immediately snapped his, and his teacher sent him to the corner. He is often kept in, although he is only in Standard, or Grade I.

I attend the Dufferin School, which is a large, roomy school. I am in the eighth grade. I will soon be trying for entrance to the Collegiate. I am very sorry to say that although Winnipeg is a fairly large city, I do not know of any Band of Hope that I could attend. When I was away for my summer holidays I attended a Band of Hope, and I was delighted with it. I do wish someone would start one here. I remain a faithful reader,

MADGE.

Aged twelve.

Vancouver, B.C.

Dear Editor,—Seeing so many letters in the 'Messenger,' I thought I would write one too.

I will be twelve years old on May 4.

I have some nice chickens. When I was six years old, I had a little chicken named Sue; and it died; and I buried it in mother's nice new silk handkerchief, and put it in my sister Clara's lunch-basket. She was very angry when she found it out. I like to read the 'Messenger,' and enjoyed Christina's fairy story very much. I hope she will write another.

GERALDINE.

Kincardine, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for over two years, and like it very much. I think it is a very interesting paper for both old and young. I live on a farm within five miles of a town. I like living on a farm very much, because in the summer I can drive the team when drawing in grain, and other work. My brother, who is ten years old, is very sick; but is getting better. Then he will soon be able to go to Sunday-school again.

Once I had a dog, which was brought from Toronto, as a house dog; but he got poisoned with some arsenic which had been set out for rats, which he accidentally got at, and died. I have a pair of pidgeons. When I first got them they would come to the house and I could catch them; but now they stay at the barn and I cannot catch them so easily. Wishing the 'Northern Messenger' a prosperous year, I remain yours truly,

PERCY.

Age twelve years.

Dear Editor,—My letter is about Topsy, a little negro girl, whose only earthly possessions were a pair of kittens, which she called 'T'other' and 'Which.' Of course she loved these kitties very, very dearly; and thought she could never part with either.

One Sunday a missionary, who had just returned from Japan, preached in the church to which Topsy went. He told the people of the great need of the bible in Japan, and asked them if they would not deny themselves something so that they might help to spread abroad the gospel among the heathen. Of course Topsy was very small, and could not understand all the missionary said, but she thought she was called upon to part with something which she treasured. So, before the service was over, she slipped down out of her seat, and ran home as fast as she could; and presently reappeared in the church with a mysterious-looking parcel tucked under her arm. She did not take her seat this time, but walked solemnly up to where the missionary was counting the offerings and deposited her precious bundle in the contribution box. Then she stole softly out of the church.

The missionary went over to the box to examine its contents, but just then he heard a frightened 'Mew.' The 'contents' proved to be Topsy's two kittens. Your fourteen year old friend,

JEAN.

Effendi and Adel.

A TRUE SYRIAN STORY.

Effendi and Adel were a little brother and sister, living with their parents high up in a village among the mountains, whence the cedar was brought to build Solomon's temple. Syrian children have little to make their lives bright, but Effendi and Adel had both heard the sweet story of Jesus, and had given themselves to the dear Lord, and so they were happy in spite of the great trouble which came to them.

One Sabbath, some little time before our story opens, they had strayed into a Sunday-school in charge of one of our missionaries, and it was there they heard the pure gospel.

Oh how angry it made the father and mother when they found out that their children had become Christians! They were beaten, and stoned, and locked up in dark rooms, and almost starved, in order to bring them back to their parents' religion, but to no purpose. Still, unkind as their father and mother were, the children loved them, and it nearly broke their young hearts to have them turn against them so, for before they had been good to them, especially to Effendi, who being a boy was more thought of. But there was a Bible verse which comforted these children very much—a verse telling us when father and mother turn against us there is one who will stand by us, etc. Can you tell in what part of the Bible it is, and repeat it as it is written there? Often and often, on dark nights, little Adel would put her arms about Effendi's neck and try to comfort him with these sweet words. One day, as they were talking to each other, locked in their gloomy room, their father came in, with an angry scowl on his face. 'I shall send you children to your uncle Kasim; he will see that you give up this new religion.'

Now, this Uncle Kasim was a priest of the Maronite sect, and lived not far from the site of a famous Syrian city, which was at one time the capital of the Greek kings of Syria. This uncle dwelt in a large building with other priests; but the father told Effendi and Adel they should have a room in a hut near to the priest's house, and their uncle would see that they behaved themselves, which meant he would beat them even more than their father if they did not give up this new religion.

Poor children! what should they do? Frightened and trembling they clung to each other all the rest of the day and far into the night.

'What shall we do, Effendi? Oh dear, if we could only run away!' cried little Adel.

'We can,' said Effendi, walking directly over to the little hole in the wall which served as a window. But just as he reached it he stopped and looked back, for his sister stood by the door uttering a glad cry, and whispering softly to him across the little room, 'Father has forgotten to lock the door.'

Quietly and quickly Effendi hastened to try for himself, and found it true.

'Come, Adel,' said he, 'quickly; slip that bit of bread about you somewhere, and keep as still as you can, and we will get out safely, please God.' Then these two Christian children crept tremblingly out of their prison, knowing that if they awoke anyone all would be over for them. But their new-found Friend guarded and guided them safely.

'We'll go to the missionaries,' said Effendi, when they were at a safe distance.

'Oh yes,' said little Adel, 'and perhaps they'll help us.'

So to the missionaries they went. It was a queer-looking building, very different from our houses. The children knocked timidly at the one door. They need not have ben afraid of how they would be received, for

In the April Sunshine.

The winter snows have vanished,
And the winter cold is fled,
And the fleecy clouds of April
Are sailing overhead.

The skies are blue and shining,
Like Baby's eyes, to-day,
And hawthorn boughs are budding
With promise of the May;

Come, little city children,
The parks are full of flowers;
Out in the golden sunshine
We'll spend the morning hours.

Come, little country children,
And search the woodside lane,
For the primrose buds are starring
The grassy banks again!

—'Child's Own Magazine.'

a warm welcome awaited them; and when their story was told it did not take long for the kind gentleman to hurry and prepare means for carrying them immediately far away to another mission station. When morning came it found them a long distance from the old home. The journey took them past many places of Bible interest, for Syria is a land full of Bible scenes.

They were many days on their journey, for at night they rested; but finally they reached a seaport town on the Mediterranean. It was a busy, bustling place, but the kind Christian missionaries there took the little wanderers in. Do not think that the parents lost their children without hunting for them; no, to be sure, and they found them too; but being ignorant, money-loving people, they consented finally to leave Effendi and Adel if the missionaries would pay a certain sum.

All this happened four or five years ago, and now these two Syrian children are nearly grown up, and are themselves missionaries, and striving in their way to lead their friends to the true friend, Christ Jesus, who himself lived in Syria, and died there for every Syrian boy and girl.—'Children's Work for Children.'

One By One.

'Pile them straight and evenly, my boy.'

Will's father came and stood near him while he was piling up some wood one cold February morning.

'But then I shall have to lay every piece of wood separately,' said Will, in a complaining voice.

'That is a good way—one by one.'

'One by one! Oh, dear. It takes so long. I like to arrange half a dozen at a time. Just think of going all through this great pile, laying the sticks one by one!'

'But one by one, little by little, is the way most of the great things are done in this world,' said his father.

'It's the way I'm making this fence, one lath at a time,' said Robert, Will's elder brother, who was working near by—'one lath and then another.'

'It's the way I'm doing this knitting,' said mother, with a smile, standing at the door—'one stitch and then another.

'If I had my way about things, I'd have it different,' said Will. 'I'd have things done in one big lump.'

'I don't think I'd like that,' said Robert. 'I like to see things grow under my hand.'

'When we think how many things are made up of one small thing added to another,' said father, 'it gives a great deal of dignity to little things. The ocean is made up of drops, land of grains of sand or earth, and the sunshine of separate bright rays.'

'Sure enough, there are plenty of littles,' said Will, who was becoming interested in the conversation. 'But,' the whine coming back in his voice, 'there's so much tug, tug, to it. At school it's day after day. And it's one figure after another on your slate, one line after another in your lesson.'

'Well,' said Robert, 'what would there be for us if it weren't one thing and then another? Would you like to get everything finished, and then have nothing more to do?'

'Ah!' said Will, 'I really didn't think of that. No, I don't believe it would suit me to be quite finished with everything.'

'I think,' said father, 'it is well for us sometimes to remember how few of the great things in the world are done by just one person or through a single effort. They are achieved by the united work of a dozen or a hundred or thousands of men, and from all these through the adding of one day's efforts to another. There! quite a little sermon for you! Now let us go in to dinner.'

'And after I've finished stacking this wood I can have a game of ball,' said Will.

'That will be one pitch after another,' said his father.

'One bite and then another,' said Robert, with a smile at his brother, as they sat at the table.

'Yes,' said Will, laughing. 'I shouldn't like to eat all my dinner in one lump.'—'Children's Friend.'

For Each Day.

He liveth long who liveth well,
All else is life but flung away,
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

Then fill each day with what will last,
Buy up the moments as they go;
The life above when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

—'Bright Jewels.'

Florence Nightingale's First Patient Was a Crippled Dog.

There is a beautiful incident related of Florence Nightingale's childhood, and it shows that God had already planted within her the germ which was to develop in after days.

Her first wounded patient was a Scotch shepherd dog Some boys had hurt and apparently broken its leg by throwing stones and it had been decided to put it out of misery.

The little girl went fearlessly up to where he lay saying, in a soft, caressing tone, 'Poor Cap, poor Cap! It was enough. He looked up with his speaking brown eyes, now bloodshot and full of pain, into her face, and did not resent it when, kneeling down beside him, she stroked, with her little, ungloved hand, the large, intelligent head.

To the vicar he was rather less amenable, but by dint of coaxing he at last allowed him to touch and examine the wounded leg, Florence persuasively telling him that it was 'all right.' Indeed, she was on the floor beside him, with his head on her lap, keeping up a continuous murmur much as a mother does over a sick child

'Well,' said the vicar, arising from his examination, 'as far as I can tell, there are no bones broken; the leg is badly bruised. It ought to be fomented to take the inflammation and swelling down. 'How do you foment?' asked Florence. 'With hot clothes dipped in boiling water,' answered the vicar. 'Then that's quite easy. I'll stay and do it. Now, Jimmy, get sticks and make the kettle boil.'

There was no hesitation in the child's manner; she was told what ought to be done, and she set about doing it as a simple matter of course. 'But they will be expecting you at home,' said the vicar. 'Not if they are told I'm here,' said Florence. 'But you will wait and show me how to foment, won't you?' 'Well, yes,' said the vicar, carried away by the quick energy of the little girl. And soon the fire was lit, and the water boiling. An old smock of the shepherd's had been deliberately torn to pieces, and, to the vicar's remark, 'What will Roger say?' she answered, 'We'll get him another.' And so Florence Nightingale made her first compress, and spent all that bright, spring day in nursing her first patient—the shepherd's dog.—'Onward.'

Catechism For Little Water-Drinkers.

(Julia Colman, in National Temperance Society, New York.)

LESSON VII.—ALCOHOL IN BEER.

1. Give the names of some kinds of beer.

Lager, ale, porter, stout, and weiss beer.

2. Do these all contain alcohol?

They do, for they have all been made by fermenting sweet liquids with yeast.

3. Which contains the most alcohol?

Old English ale, which sometimes contains twelve percent, or twelve parts in one hundred.

4. What does that mean?

It means that out of every hundred quarts of beer you can get twelve quarts of pure alcohol.

5. What would be left in the beer?

Just the dirty water containing the other decayed parts of the grain.

6. How much alcohol does lager contain?

Four or five parts in one hundred.

7. How much alcohol is there in common beer?

Five percent, or about five parts in one hundred.

8. What makes porter dark colored?

The grain was scorched to color it.

9. What has that to do with the alcohol?

Nothing, for alcohol has no color. It looks like water.

Scientific Temperance Catechism.

(By Mrs. Howard Ingham, Secretary Non-Partizan W. C. T. U., Cleveland, Ohio.

LESSON VII.—MORE ABOUT ALCOHOL.

1. How does alcohol look?

So much like water that you could not tell one from the other.

2. Has it any odor?

Yes, a strong, pungent, fiery odor.

3. If you put a drop on your tongue, what do you learn about it?

That it has a burning taste, and that it leaves the spot on the tongue perfectly dry.

4. Why does it leave the tongue dry?

Because alcohol has such a love for water that it sucks it up wherever it finds it.

5. Suppose a little alcohol is put in a saucer and a lighted match applied?

Then it will burn with a blue flame and great heat.

6. What purposes is it used for, for this reason?

It is used in lamps and in other places where a quick, hot flame is desired. Often a little alcohol lamp, is placed under the coffee urn at dinner, to keep the coffee hot.

7. Do you know of any other use for alcohol?

It is used to preserve fishes and insects and other animal substances in museums.

8. How does it preserve them?

It drives out the water from them, hardens them, and protects them for the decay that would soon break them in pieces.

9. Does alcohol have the same effect when taken into a living body?

Yes, just the same wherever it touches animal substance.

10. What effect did you say the drop of alcohol would have on the tongue?

It would suck out the water and leave the spot dry.

11. Suppose the alcohol be drank, in beer or wine or whiskey?

Then it would dry out as much as possible of the water of the body.

12. And how much water did you learn that the body has?

It is about seven-eighths water.

13. And what is the use of the water?

To make the body round and beautiful; to prepare the food to build up the body; to carry over the body the material for building it up and to carry away from it the dead matter that should be removed.

14. Then what would be the effect of drying up a part of the water?

It would prevent all these things being properly done. The food would not be made into good building material, nor the waste matter carried away.

15. What did we say was the reason for putting fishes and insects in jars of alcohol?

To keep them from decay.

16. Suppose, then, we pour alcohol upon the food in the stomach?

It will keep it from breaking up, in just the same way. So the food is retained, hard and solid, in the stomach, when it ought to be made into a soft, milky substance that could be carried over the body to build it up.

17. And what harm does that do?

Of course the body cannot be built up when the building material is not supplied, and so it grows weak and miserable.

18. Is it a good thing, then, to take alcohol at all?

Certainly not. It is a very bad thing.

Hints to Teachers.

We have only attempted in this lesson to give a little general idea of the effects of alcohol. The specific effects on brain, nerve, circulation, digestion, etc., will be carefully explained in succeeding lessons. Try only to teach in this lesson, that alcohol rapidly sucks up water wherever it finds it; therefore it must be very bad for a body seven-eighths of which is water; that it hardens and keeps from breaking up all animal substances put into it, and must therefore hinder the digestion of food on which the body's constantly necessary repair depends, and as well the separation and removal of dead matter; and such other points as are naturally sugested by the few general properties of alcohol taught in this lesson. Teach these simple facts thoroughly, and they will lead to those yet to be taught. A bottle of alcohol, a saucer and a match will be useful for purposes of illustration.

Millville, New Jersey.

A DIRECT VETO OBJECT LESSON.

Thirty years ago this city was a straggling town, of six thousand inhabitants, with unkept streets, poor buildings, and the general bedraggled appearance in perfect accord with its four licensed rum-selling hotels and twenty-six saloons. Then, as now, its principal industry was glass-manufacturing. But in those days its chief notoriety was the drunken character of its wage-earning population.

But a marked and almost marvellous change has taken place in the outward appearance of the town, and the characteristics of its people. To-day, Millville has a population of eleven thousand, well-graded streets, handsome brick blocks, and all the modern improvements of a live, prosperous community—and, best of all, the laboring men are housed in homes of unusual pleasantness, containing all the signs of taste and refinement.

Ask the representative man of character and influence, a long-time resident of Millville, what particular cause more than any other contributed to this changed and improved condition, and he will tell you the prohibition of the liquor traffic.

In 1871, the city council refused all saloon licenses, and by 1874, the last hotel license was wiped out, and the policy of prohibition was fully established. For two or three years there was a sharp contest for the enforcement of the policy, with complete victory for the friends of law and order, and the final acceptance of no-license by an overwhelming majority of the people.

The opponents of prohibition predicted dire calamity to follow the adoption of the no-license policy; but exactly the opposite occurred. The town began almost at once to improve, especially in its business and material life. Men ceased squandering their money in the saloons, and spent it for the adornment of their homes and the benefit of their families. Habits of personal saving took the place of the wasteful and thoughtless expenditure of the license days, and every interest of the city profited by the change.

At the end of the first decade of prohibition, two-thirds of the adult male employees of Whitall, Tatum, and company, the large glass manufacturers, owned the houses in which they lived, and half of the workingmen of the city were householders; while in the days of license practically all of them were tenants at will.

The tax duplicates of the city give substantial testimony along this line. In 1870 the number of property-holders was five hundred and nine, and in 1895, one thousand six hundred and seventy-eight. The property-owners indicated in the figures given are nearly all of them workingmen, employed by the two manufacturing establishments mentioned.

The building and loan associations of the city receive their funds almost entirely from the funds earners, who make monthly deposits in these saving institutions amounting to about twelve thousand dollars.

There has been one break in the continuous no-license policy of the city, and that against the will of the people. In 1891 the Legislature passed a law providing for excise commissioners in each county on the petition of two hundred voters. These commissioners were appointed by the governor, and could grant licenses in towns where the local authorities refused to do so. The open saloons came back for a season. When in the fall of 1893 the excise commission law was declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court, and the saloons were closed, there was general rejoicing throughout the city, as over the removal of a calamity.

An acquaintance with the elegant homes of the workingmen of this city, and their growing interest in the best education for their children, demonstrates the intellectual, social, and moral uplift which comes to the wage-earner when he is divorced from the thraldom of drink.—Millville, N.J., Correspondent of the 'New York Voice.'

Then I Won't Do It.

Mr. MacFarlane, many years missionary in the South Sea Islands, tells of the cannibal warriors who, when converted, have said 'We have been soldiers of the devil. We are now the soldiers of Jesus Christ. Tell us what he would like us to do.'

Tell them that Christ would not like them to go to a place, and they say, 'Then I won't go;' that he would not like to hear them using such language, and the reply is, 'Then I won't say that any more;' and he would not like to see them doing so and so, 'Then I won't do it.' is the quick response.—S.S. Paper.

LESSON IV.—APRIL 24.

A Lesson On Forgiveness.

Matt. xviii., 21-35. Read whole chapter. Memory verses, 21, 22.

Golden Text.

'Forgive, and ye shall be forgiven.'—Luke vi., 37.

Home Readings.

M. Matt. xvii., 1-13.—The transfiguration.
T. Mark ix., 1-13.—Mark's account of it.
W. Luke ix., 28-36.—Luke's story.
T. John i., 1-14.—The testimony of an eye-witness.
F. II. Pet. i., 12-21.—'We were eye-witnesses of his majesty.'
S. Matt. xvii., 14-27.—When they came down from the mount.
S. Ps. ii., 1-12.—'Thou art my son.'

Lesson Story.

Peter came to Jesus asking what the rule of forgiveness was in the kingdom of heaven. Should he forgive his brother seven times? Jesus answered that he had never limited forgiveness in this way, he said that men should forgive each other seventy times seven. Meaning not four hundred and ninety, but times without number.

The kingdom of heaven is like a certain king who began to reckon up the accounts of his servants. One was brought to him who owed him ten thousand talents. He could not pay this awful debt, so his lord commanded him to be sold, he and his family, and all that he had, must be sold into slavery that the debt might be paid. Then the servant fell down and worshipped him and besought the king to have patience with him, and he would surely pay him all he owed. Then the lord of that servant was moved with compassion and loosed him and forgave him the debt.

But the same servant went out, and found one of his fellow-servants who owed him one hundred pence. Taking him by the throat he cruelly demanded that the debt should be paid at once. His fellow-servant was not able to pay the debt, but besought him to have patience and all should be paid. In the same words as the first servant had used to his lord did his fellow-servant plead for mercy. But the wicked servant, forgetful of the mercy he had just received, cast his debtor into prison until the money should be paid.

When the fellow-servants of these two saw what had been done they were indignant, and went and told their lord all about it. Then the master called his servant to whom he had forgiven so great a debt and said, 'O thou wicked servant, I forgave thee all that debt, because thou desiredst me: shouldst not thou have had compassion on thy fellow-servant, even as I had pity on thee?' And the king was wroth, and delivered that servant to the tormentors, till he should pay all his debt.

'So likewise shall my heavenly Father do also unto you, if ye from your hearts forgive not every one his brother their trespasses.'

Lesson Hymn.

Not the labors of my hands,
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

Lesson Hints.

'Sin against me'—Peter did not take into account that he might sin against his brother, nor ask how he himself should be forgiven. We need to practice the Golden Rule very specially in forgiveness, our own failings are so great.

'Seven times' — the rabbinical law counselled that a man forgive his brother three times, but no more. Peter increased the number to seven, thinking that would better accord with our Lord's idea of mercy.

'Seventy times seven'—and then begin over again. Implying that there should be no limits of any kind to forgiveness between men.

'A certain king'—representing God.

'Ten thousand talents'—ten million dollars at the smallest reckoning. Such an enormous sum that there was no hope of his ever being able to pay it. This well represents our condition before God, the debt of sin is so enormous that we never could hope to pay it in any way. All our good acts and best resolves would be but a drop in the ocean.

'Commanded him to be sold'—an ancient custom. (II. Kings iv., 1.)

'Moved with compassion'—it is God's nature to be merciful and forgiving, (Dan. ix., 9: Isa. xliii., 25: Psa. ciii., 3.), but the sinner must first acknowledge his need of forgiveness before he can realize its satisfaction.

'Forgave him the debt'—fully, freely, just as God forgives each one of us for Christ's sake.

'Same servant went out'—the very same man who had just been treated with such signal mercy. So we may go out from the presence of God with the touch of his mercy still upon us, and allow ourselves to think bitter thoughts, hard, harsh, unforgiving thoughts of others. At the best we are only forgiven debtors—sinners saved by grace.

'An hundred pence'—about fifteen dollars. In the joy of being forgiven that awful debt of millions, how could he be so small and mean as to think of that fifteen dollars? Unspeakable meanness, yet how true to human nature!

'Fellow-servants . . . . told their lord' — the only way to set things straight. —

'Tormentors'—(Mark ix., 44.)

'From your hearts'—we may deceive men by fair words, but we can not deceive God who knows our inmost hearts. (Heb. iv., 13.)

Primary Lesson.

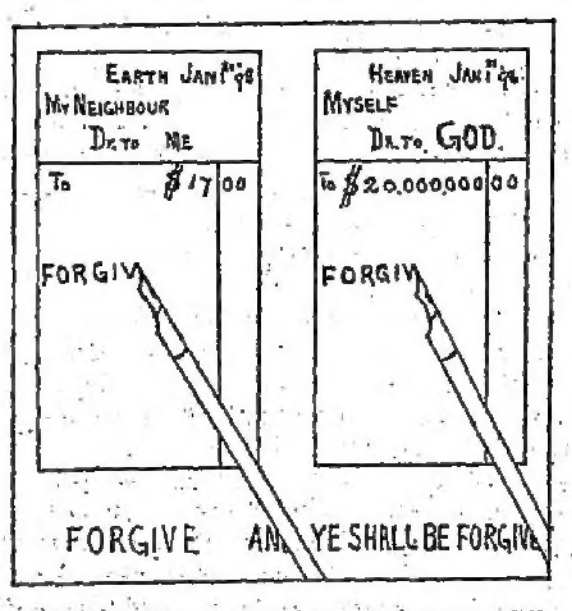
We are learning a lesson to-day about a man who owed a great debt, an awful debt, he never could pay it. Each of us owes an awful debt, the debt of our sins. Some people think that they have no sins, but if they try hard to remember, they can not help finding that they have sinned at some time. Even the smallest sin counts. A sin is very large, it is as high as heaven, because it is against God, it is as long as eternity, because its consequences go on forever. It is sin not to love God.

How can we pay this awful debt? Can we ever do enough good acts to make up for our sins? Never. We can not pay this debt. But if we ask God to forgive us our debt, for Jesus-Christ's sake, he will gladly forgive us. Jesus died to bear our sins so that we would not need to be punished if we were truly sorry and asked God's forgiveness. Repenting is being so truly sorry for our sin that we will not do it again. The only way to keep out of sin is just to trust Jesus every moment to keep us, for we can not keep ourselves. And to ask him to forgive us when we forget. This is what we mean when we ask God to forgive us our 'trespasses,' or 'debts.'

We must ask God to teach us how to forgive others as he forgives us. Forgiveness is love.

The Lesson Illustrated.

Our illustration here is of two accounts, the amount of the account due ME from my



neighbor, being the modern equivalent of the hundred pence that was owing to the servant, while the twenty million is about the ten thousand talents he owed his lord.

God's pen cannot go any farther in writing the 'Forgiven,' on our debt to him than our pen goes in writing our 'Forgiven' on the debts due us. It is a solemn thought that our unforgiving hearts limit God's forgiveness to us. 'If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.'

Suggested Hymns.

'Jesus paid it all,' 'Alas, and did my Saviour,' 'O worship the King,' 'Hear us, O Saviour,' 'Over the line,' 'Thy Holy Spirit, Lord, alone,' 'Let us sing of the love of the Lord,' 'More love to Thee,' 'There is a green hill.'

Practical Points.

Matt xviii., 21-35. — April 24.

The true forgiving spirit is not limited by numbers, because it is begotten of the Holy Spirit and takes Jesus only as a model. Verses 21, 22. A great debt requires a heavy payment, in default of which the penalty may be severe. Verses 23-25. We find the same petition in verses 26 and 29, but how different the answer in verses 27 and 30. How much smaller a debt of one hundred pence than a liability of ten thousand talents! Yet, he who owed the larger debt and had received forgiveness, was most unmerciful to his fellow-servant who owed him a paltry amount. Verses 28-30. 'The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel,' and he who loveth not his brother whom he hath seen cannot enjoy the favor of God, whom he hath not seen. Verses 31-34. We must forget the offence as we forgive the offender, even as God for Christ's sake has forgiven us.

A. H. CAMERON.

Tiverton, Ont.

Christian Endeavor Topic.

April 17. — Lessons from great missionaries.—Acts xiii., 1-3, 13-33, 42-52.

Clear Ideas.

In all our teaching, whether it be by example, by songs, or by spoken words, the aim should be to give a clear, unequivocal impression. Children are often too diffident to ask for explanations, even from those they know and love best. They feel that they ought to understand, even when they cannot do so, and shrink from displaying their ignorance. So a misconception sometimes fastens itself in the plastic mind, and years may not correct it.

As it is necessary to guard against false impressions, and by patient effort to efface evil ones, it is vitally essential that the good be made permanent by repetition. Let us not be discouraged, though the truth fall on stony ground, or though it be carried away by the birds of the air, a hundred times. We will utter our message again and again, till it lodges in the heart by the force of its own repeated attacks. In working upon this new soil, the child mind, we may be sure, with the confidence we can feel nowhere else in just the same sense, 'our work is not in vain in the Lord.'—Helen R. Robb.

The worshipful nature of our gifts is largely lost by styling them 'collections' rather than 'offerings.' Children are thus unconsciously taught that there is nothing especially religious in the act, and therefore they are not impressed with it. There follows as a natural consequence that when they become adults they will fail to attach much importance to it, but will slight it whenever they can do so. Children in the Sunday-school can be, must be taught their obligation to give to religious work, freely, liberally. They must be taught it is as much a part of worship as prayer or song, and should be educated to be glad to make an offering to God in gratitude and love.—'The Lookout.'

A Test.

As woods, when shaken by the breeze,
Take deeper, firmer root;
As winter's frosts but make the trees
Abound in summer fruit:
So every little pang and throe
That Christian firmness tries,
But nerves us for our work below,
And forms us for the skies.
—H. F. Lyte.

HOUSEHOLD.

'Savin' Mother.'

The farmer sat in his easy chair,
Between the fire and the lamplight's glare;
His face was ruddy and full and fair.
His three boys small in the chimney nook
Conned the lines of a picture-book.
His wife, the pride of his home and heart,
Baked the biscuit and made the tart,
Laid the table and steeped the tea,
Deftly, swiftly, silently.
Tired and weary and weak and faint,
She bore her trials without complaint,
Like many another household saint,—
Content, all selfish bliss above,
In the patient ministry of love.
At last, between the clouds of smoke
That wreathed his lips, the husband spoke:

'There's taxes to raise, an' int'rest to pay,
And ef there should come a rainy day,
'Twould be mighty handy, I'm boun' to say,
T' have sumpthin put by. For folks must die,
An' there's funeral bills and gravestuns to buy,—
Enough to swamp a man, purty nigh.
Besides, there's Edward and Dick and Joe
To be provided for when we go.
So 'f I was you, I'll tell ye what I'd du:
I'd be savin' of wood 's ever I could,
Extry fire don't du any good ;
I'd be savin' of soap, an' savin' of ile,
And run up some candles once in a while;
I'd be rather sparin' of coffee an' tea,
For sugar is high,
And all to buy,
And cider is good enough for me.
I'd be kind o' careful about my clo'es,
And look out sharp how the money goes;
Extry trimmin'
'S the bane of women.

'I'd sell off the best of the cheese and honey,
And eggs is as good, nigh about, 's the money.
And as to the carpet you wanted new,
I guess we can make the old one du;
And as for the washer an' sewin' machine,
Them smooth-tongued agents so pesky mean,
You'd better git rid of 'm, slick and clean.
What du they know about women's work?
Du they calkilate women was born to shirk?'

Dick and Edward and little Joe
Sat in the corner in a row.
They saw their patient mother go
On ceaseless errands to and fro.
They saw that her form was bent and thin,
Her temples gray, her cheek sunk in;
They saw the quiver of lip and chin,
And then, with a warmth he could not smother,
Outspoke the youngest, frailest brother:
'You talk of savin' wood and ile
An' tea an' sugar, all the while,
But you never talk of savin' mother!'

Errors of Diet.

It is not a generally understood fact, but a fact, nevertheless, that some of the wealthiest and most luxurious appearing people live on the plainest food. There are children in the families of millionaires who would no more be permitted to partake of such meals as are given to the children of many a laboring man than they would be allowed to use articles that were known to be poisonous. Many a mechanic's little ones live on meat, warm bread, all the butter they want, and that of an inferior quality, coffee as much as they choose, and cheap baker's cake, which is in itself enough to ruin the digestion of an ostrich.

The children in one family make their breakfast of oatmeal or some other cereal and milk, with bread at least twenty-four hours old, a little, very little butter, sometimes none at all. The breakfast is varied by corn bread well done, a little zwieback and sometimes stale bread dipped in egg and cracker crumbs and browned with butter. A fresh egg is often the only article outside of farinaceous food that they are allowed. For dinner, which is in the middle of the day, they have some well-cooked meat, one or two vegetables, a cup of milk if they like it, or weak cocoa, with plenty of bread and butter and a simple dessert. Supper, which is a very light meal, frequently consists of graham crackers or brown bread and milk, and sometimes hasty pudding and milk, or the pudding eaten with a little molasses or maple syrup.

A few days ago, in a call at the house of a workingman, there were five children seated at a table, on which was a large dish of meat, swimming in gravy, in which potatoes had been cooked. These potatoes were saturated with fat and almost impossible of digestion by any person of ordinary constitution. There were hot rolls, soggy-looking, and smoking from the oven; parsnips fried in lard and reeking with the grease; stale cucumbers, shrivelled and wrinkled, were soaking in cheap vinegar, and were liberally dosed with salt and pepper. A pile of cheap cakes, sufficient to fill a good-sized four-quart measure, stood on one corner of the table, and two pies, with crust containing so much lard that they looked absolutely greasy. There was coffee, dark and rank-looking and worse smelling, and this the children were indulging in quite as much as they pleased. They ate like little wolves, with an unnatural and ferocious appetite. Two of them had pasty, unhealthy-looking complexions, one was evidently suffering with some skin disease, the elder of the group had an ugly-looking eruption on his face and ears, and the entire lot were living examples of the results of a mistaken system of feeding. It was no surprise to the visitor to hear, a few days later, that two of them were very ill, one hopelessly so, with cholera morbus.

That the death-rate among such people does not increase with frightful rapidity is the one thing that thoughtful persons and philanthropists never cease to wonder at.

The parents of these children would undoubtedly have said that they gave the little ones the best they could afford, but this was just exactly the cause of all the trouble. They gave them too much and too expensive food. A proper diet would have cost a third of the money, and would undoubtedly have saved health and doctor's bills, to say nothing of their lives.

The great mission of the reformer and the philanthropist is to educate and illustrate. Because things taste good is no sign whatever that they are best for children, or grown people either, for the matter of that. It is possible to cultivate a relish for simple food, and those who take the trouble to do this are amply repaid for it in the increased variety of flavors that they find, and the knowledge that they are pursuing the course that leads to health, wealth and peace of mind.—'New York Ledger.'

Criminal Carelessness.

The deaths resulting from carelessness in the placing of poisons makes an appalling list. One can scarcely take up a daily paper without finding some fatal mistake recorded. Two bottles, one containing cherry syrup, the other carbolic acid, are left side by side on the dresser. A child coughs in the night; the mother fills a spoon from the wrong bottle, and before the doctor arrives the little one is past help.

A servant in a boarding house put a bottle of insect poison in a bedroom closet. A gentleman and wife engaged the room. In the evening the wife became suddenly ill. Medicine was prescribed to be given at intervals, and the husband, after administering a spoonful, placed the bottle in the closet. An hour or two later, taking from the closet shelf the same bottle, as he supposed, he gave her a second dose. But it proved to be the bottle of insect poison, and the patient died before morning. Which of the two was the more to blame, the careless maid or the man who poured out the liquid without making sure that he had the right bottle, is an open question.

Morphine placed in the same chest or drawer with quinine has more than once caused a fatal blunder, and strychnine has a similar record.

If it is necessary for poison of any kind to be brought into the house, let the bottle be plainly labelled and put beyond the reach of children, and where there will be no danger of any member of the family mistaking it for medicine. But the safer way is to keep no poisons of any sore on the premises. The danger is similar to that of keeping loaded firearms in the house—there is always a possibility of their falling into the wrong hands.—'Christian Work.'

A Hint About Clothes.

As the cold winds of winter sweep around our homes and howl about the corners of the streets playing havoc with thin clothing and creeping through the threadbare places with chilling touches, we think of the poor. But how many have done what they could to relieve these? Do you not know some needy family, some worthy ones, who might be helped quietly, with things that you do not need yourselves?

What is the use of laying by old flannels, and half-worn gowns for the moths to ruin and thus torment yourselves in later days; why not simply bundle up whatever you can spare—sell to the ragman?—no, my friend, not that, give the things to those who will make use of them, who really need them. Such gifts can be made and no one's feelings hurt if a little tact is used. A great deal of good can be done in just this way, if people would only think a little and then act upon that thought.

Numbers of women who have a mania for rug-making, or rag carpet weaving will cut up woollen garments that might have been made up for poor children and kept the little bodies comfortable through many a long winter's day. These women think they are very saving, but is it so? They may save the rags in a way, but how about the shivering children all over this broad land? How many, many there are, who will not only go cold, but, alas, hungry many times this cold winter! Have we no resposibility in regard to these? How would it seem to us if our own little ones were denied the necessaries of life, let alone the comforts? If our own were lacking, and some good, kind friend offered us partially worn clothing to cut over for them, would we take them thankfully or would we in pride turn aside? Certainly we have no right to such a pride.—Rose Seelye-Miller, in N. Y. 'Observer,'

Selected Recipes.

Coffee Cake. — Use a coffee cup for a measure. Two cupfuls of brown sugar, one cupful each of molasses and very strong coffee, three-quarters cupful of shortening, butter and lard, or butter and drippings, one pound of raisins and currants, four cupfuls of flour, four eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls each of cloves and cinna-

Egg Cutlets.—Cut cold hard-boiled eggs into thick slices, egg and bread-crumb them carefully. Before the dipping, season the crumbs with salt, pepper, a little celery salt and finely chopped parsley. Melt butter in an iron spider or saucepan, and lay in the egg slices when the butter is hot enough to brown them lightly, but avoid the burning heat, which gives a bitter taste. Serve with a white sauce, made with stock, or a tomato sauce. In making a tomato sauce, stew together tomato, butter, salt and pepper, with a little chopped onion, which has been fried in butter for fifteen minutes. Strain carefully and stir into equal portions of melted butter and flour, well thickened. Cook till the sauce thickens. This is a good sauce for macaroni, or anything that requires a tomato sauce. Where canned tomatoes are used, take one-half a can; a tablespoonful each of flour and butter will suffice for thickening.

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